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## In Glass

Joan Baranow

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*Joan Baranow*

## In Glass

Inside the glass    pearl & fish  
a splash of blood

whereupon there came an explosion  
bread rising    salt touching  
the fragrant flour

O son    you were beautiful  
waking like that  
your moons urging you

to travel the edges of the dish

(pool of clear sand  
reservoir of heat)

you must have liked  
dividing

liked reaching into  
the valleys of my womb

for when the others let go  
when blood flooded my os  
your heart would not stop

opening. . .closing

no lack of fire  
leapt the synapses  
of your brain

it was my flesh, failing  
brought you forth

you took your first  
teaspoon of air and turned  
dark rose

a hand on each foot

our world  
gave you gravity & a sky